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Hong Kong 1997

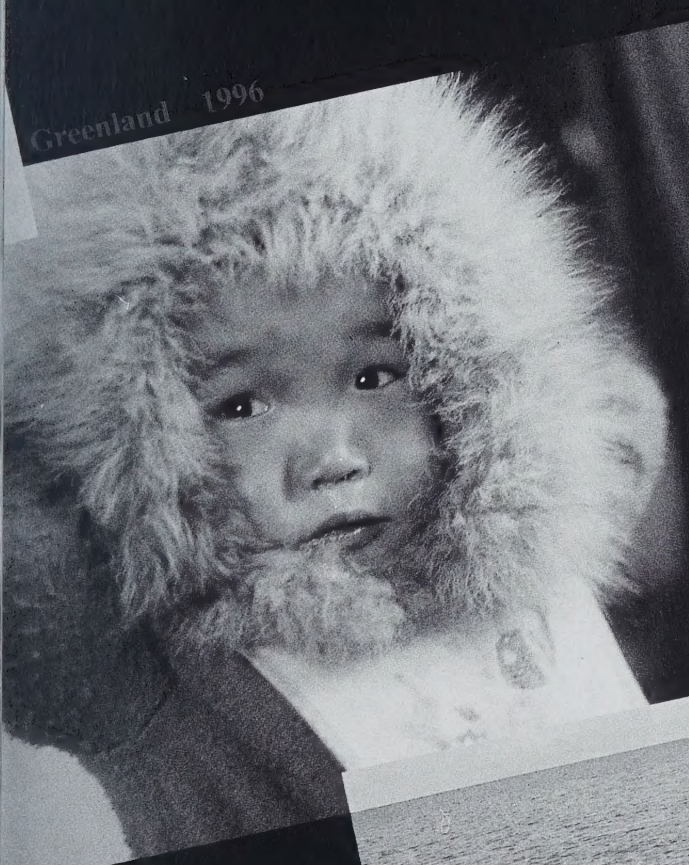
Mongolia 2001

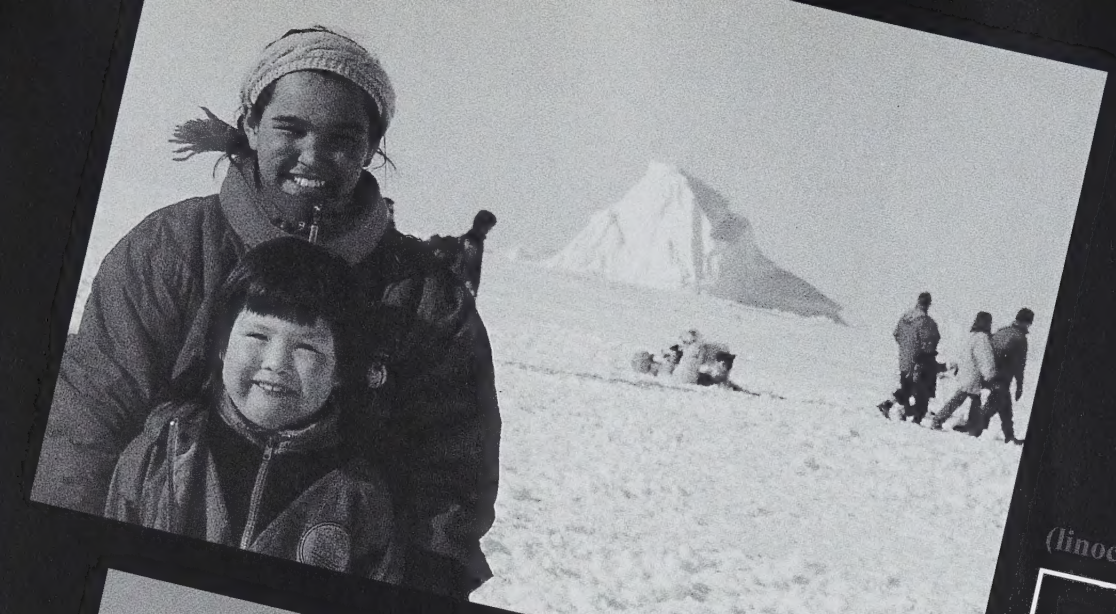
(woodcut 30 x 20 cm 2002)

(linocut 20 x 15.5 cm 2002)

(linocut 20 x 15.5 cm 2002)

Greenland 1996





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backcover
Photograph: Hark Yeung / Painting: Fong So
frontispieces
Photographs: Hark Yeung / Prints: Fong So
colour plates of Fong So's paintings
Photographs: University Museum and Art Gallery, The University of Hong Kong

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大學圖書館系統
17 OCT 2003
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY SYSTEM

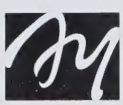
**An exhibition of**
**PHOTOGRAPHS**
**by**
**HARK YEUNG**
**+**
**PAINTINGS and PRINTS**
**by**
**FONG SO**

hosted by
CIVIC EXCHANGE

11-17 July 2003
Shatin Town Hall, Hong Kong

16-20 August 2003
Hong Kong Central Library

This function receives support from the Leisure and Cultural Services Department's Reduction of Hire Charges Scheme



**FONG & YEUNG STUDIO**

## FONG So 方蘇

| | |
|---|---|
| 1951 | born in Guangzhou |
| 1962 | moved to Hong Kong |
| 1963-69 | studied Chinese painting with Professor Chao Shao-ang, master of the Lingnan school |
| 1974 | graduated from the Chinese University of Hong Kong, B S Sc in Economics |
| 1974-78 | schoolteacher and a co-editor of a magazine for secondary schoolteachers |
| 1979-81 | worked in a publishing and book selling company |
| 1981-98 | editor (1981) and later Managing Editor (1982-98) of *The Nineties Monthly* (*The Seventies* before 1984), a current affairs magazine |
| 1985-96 | elected as an executive committee member of the Hong Kong Journalists Association (as vice-chairman for several terms) |
| 1998-2000 | experimental work of painting city life |
| 2001- | working on a new project about children in several Asian countries |

**Prizes**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1965-69 | first prize in Chinese painting<br>annual contests of Hong Kong Youth Painting and Calligraphy |

**Exhibitions**

| | |
|---|---|
| Nov. 2000 - Jan. 2001 | *City Life: Paintings by Fong So* University Museum and Art Gallery, The University of Hong Kong |
| Dec. 2001 - Feb. 2002 | *Silence of the City* (an international contemporary art exhibition featuring the works of 16 artists) Gwangju Art Museum, South Korea |
| Dec. 2001 - Feb. 2002 | *Hong Kong Art Biennial Exhibition 2001* Hong Kong Museum of Art |
| Jul. - Oct. 2002 | *Hong Kong Cityscape: Ink Painting in Transition* (an exhibition featuring the works of 21 Hong Kong artists) Brunei Hall, School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, UK |
| Apr. - Oct. 2003 | *Hong Kong Cityscape: Ink Painting in Transition* Hong Kong Museum of Art |

**Collections**

University Museum and Art Gallery, The University of Hong Kong
The University of Hong Kong
Chung Chi College, Chinese University of Hong Kong
New Asia College, Chinese University of Hong Kong
Hong Kong Museum of Art
Gwangju Art Museum, South Korea

## YEUNG Wai Man (Hark YEUNG) 楊慧敏（黑楊）

| | |
|---|---|
| 1998- | photographer and writer |
| 1998-99 | Vice-chairperson, Hong Kong Journalists Association |
| 1997-98 | Foreign News Editor, *Apple Daily*, Hong Kong |
| 1996-97 | freelance journalist based in New York City and Greenland |
| 1994-96 | Features Editor, *Sing Tao Daily*, Hong Kong<br>visited and reported from several Asian countries |
| 1991-93 | M A, University of London School of Slavonic and East European Studies<br>major: Russian Society (1920-90) , Czech Literature<br>freelance contributor, *Sing Tao Daily*, UK |
| 1989-91 | freelance journalist based in Paris and Prague |
| 1989 | journalist, *Hong Kong Standard* |
| 1988-89 | journalist, *The Express* |
| 1987-88 | English teacher, Sacred Heart Canossian Convent Commercial School |
| 1987 | Assistant Editor, Festivals Office, Hong Kong Government |
| 1986-87 | Chinese Language Officer, Hong Kong Government |
| 1986 | part-time actress, Chung Ying Theatre |
| 1983-86 | B A, The University of Hong Kong<br>major: English Literature and Translation (Chinese, English) |

**Publications**

Yeung, W. M. (Hark Yeung) & Fong, S. *Our Elders* (in Chinese and English). Hong Kong: Fong & Yeung Studio, 2000.

'Chapter 1, *Walking on the Melting Ice*' and 'chapter 7, *Our Elders*'. In *City Voices: Hong Kong Writing in English from 1945 to the Present.* Edited by Xu Xi and Mike Ingham, 200-203 and 214-218. Hong Kong: Hong Kong University Press, 2003.

Yeung, W. M. (Hark Yeung) *Walking on the Melting Ice*. Hong Kong: Fong & Yeung Studio, 2003.

**Exhibition**

Mar. 1997 *Beyond the Arctic Circle,* a photo exhibition of life in Northwest Greenland
Hong Kong Arts Centre

# aCKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Our thanks, first and foremost, go to Christine Loh and Civic Exchange for hosting this exhibition.

The idea of a painting/photography exhibition grew out of a discussion with Dr. Stephan Graf von der Schulenburg of the Museum für Angewandte Kunst (Museum of Applied Arts) in Frankfurt, Germany. An exhibition was originally planned for Germany as a follow-on to the MAK's earlier exhibition entitled *Leased Legacy: Hong Kong 97*. This exhibition was cancelled because we could not raise the necessary sponsorship.

On 20 May 2003, three days before the World Health Organisation lifted its advice against travel to Hong Kong, we talked about doing something to help our city move beyond its traumatic SARS experience. Applications for exhibition venues were sent on 30 May. Art, we hope, will rehabilitate our city.

We are particularly indebted to the University Museum and Art Gallery, The University of Hong Kong and its director Yeung Chun-tong. We would like to thank Gwangju Art Museum, South Korea and its chief curator Kim Sunhee. Eleven of Fong So's paintings, including four from the children series, have been shown in an international art exhibition hosted by the Gwangju museum.

Many people gave us help and support, including Professor Leo Ou-fan Lee of the Harvard University, who is now in Hong Kong as the Y. K. Pao Distinguished Visiting Professor in the Hong Kong University of Science and Technology, Professor William Barron of The University of Hong Kong, Elspeth Hyams, Florence Pang, Lam Chi-ming, Li chak-man, Lee Jay, Bambang Bujono, Cho Shu-sum, Stephen McGuinness of Plum Blossoms (International) Ltd., Ephraim Jose, Sonia Ng and many of our friends. *Color Six* Laboratories Ltd. sponsored the development of the 16 x 24 in. photographs for this exhibition.

Hark Yeung
Fong So

# fOREWORD

I must make a confession. My first love is painting, which I indulge in far too little today. It's more with words that I encounter than images on canvas or paper for words and numbers are what think-tankers engage in continually. Yet images speak to us in an entirely different way than words. A painting is the visual representation of an internal reality of the artist. The gift of sight allows us to glimpse and maybe perceive the emotional state of the painter at a moment in time.

In my business of public policy research, we spend our time looking at issues critically and analytically. We try to problem-solve and we would like to think that we are moderately good at it. The time I spent listening to arguments, reading other people's analysis and thinking about issues has heightened my awareness to the fallibility of human reasoning. We have both the conscious and the subconscious minds where the former is capable of accurate, objective, creative and comprehensive analysis whilst the latter plays a mysterious governing role in what we consciously think and do. Ideas, insights and solutions pop up from the subconscious but we have to beware of falling into a thinking trap. Let me see if I can describe the trap for you.

The conscious-subconscious habits of the mind are well described by David Kahn in his book *The Codebreakers*. During World War II, cryptanalysts worked day and night to crack the enemies' codes. They crunched through volumes of data and numbers to look for clues. One German analyst recalled: "You must concentrate almost in a nervous trance when working on a code. It is not often done by conscious effort. The solution often seems to crop up from the subconscious."

Whether we like to acknowledge it or not, the subconscious is also where we jump to conclusions and where our personal biases and assumptions express themselves. More often than not, we are not even aware of this process. We think we are being analytical when we are "intuiting" and can fall into the trap of ignoring evidence and alternatives. So, a good analyst has to actually work quite hard to create as emotionally neutral thinking frameworks as possible to thinking about his problem. Perhaps I feel so tired mentally so often because I am trying to assess the evidence, which can mean I have to work against my subconscious.

If I were an artist I would not have to go the long route. The emotional experience is so powerful because that is much more a part of the human condition that comes naturally than the more analytical approach. Through the medium of the brush, the artist recreates his emotions directly onto paper and the more raw the emotions the more direct the perception for the viewer. It is that direct hit that I yearn for most. Don't ask me to think - just hit me with it. After I am hit, then perhaps I can put my thoughts and feelings together. By then, I would have already drunken from the artist's deep well of experience.

I have known Fong So for a long time but as a writer and not an artist. I didn't even know he paints. In this exhibition, I am most interested in his dark paintings of Hong Kong in 2003 - the year of the SARS outbreak. There are emotions that I can share. The darkness is of course not just due to the new disease but also about the sense of despondency of Hong Kong people about the state of public affairs. Several of Fong's paintings have a cartoon-like quality which exactly expresses the farcical nature of politics today. His other paintings of his journeys through Southeast Asia and parts of China are like the lull before the burst of the Hong Kong storm.

At the same time, we have the benefit of Hark Yeung's photographs at this exhibition. She is Fong So's other half. They are perhaps each other's muses. Their works side by side tell us something about a marriage of mind and spirit.

There is one thing that Fong, Yeung and I have in common. We are all interested in the human condition. He paints people, not pretty landscapes or arrangements of flowers and fruit. She takes a lot of photographs of people. He tries to capture their subconscious and through that we see a glimpse of the artist's own reality of life. She tries to tell us the stories of her subjects through photography.

Fong obviously finds the brush more powerful than the pen. He has put down the pen in favour of the brush. He has transited from sharing ideas through words to giving us the direct raw image through his brush. Yeung's subjects stare out at us to say: "here we are." Fong's message is: "here is how life is." There is no longer a need to analyse and explain everything.

Civic Exchange is honoured to present this exhibition.

CHRISTINE LOH
Chief Executive Officer
Civic Exchange
Hong Kong's Independent Think Tank

# a fEELING Of rOOTS

Fong So is a humane artist, one of the very few I know in Hong Kong who are genuinely concerned about people's lives. A former editor of the distinguished journal, *The Nineties Monthly*, he has given up his journalist's pen in favor of the artist's brush. And what a magnificent sweep of humanity his brush-strokes have unveiled!

I have never seen the likes of old people and young people from any other painter in the Chinese world. Of course, one could think of the famous literary artist Feng Zikai in the 1930s who likewise sketched the small people in his inimitable "awkward" style. We also know of Fong So's apprenticeship under the Lingnan School master Zhao Shaoang. But Fong So has in my view departed significantly from both by evolving a style at once gentle and brusque, compassionate and sardonic. By placing his subjects in the more mundane context of the here and now, he has succeeded not only in enlarging the canvas of traditional-style Chinese painting but also in mixing ink brush with water color to give us a contemporary outlook and feeling.

I am not a trained specialist in Chinese art and cannot use the kind of technical language that does analytic justice to his art. As an academic and humanist now sojourning in Hong Kong, I was deeply touched by Fong So's portraits of old Hong Kong people when he first gave me a copy of his joint book with his partner Hark Yeung. I was particularly struck by the old women, since I frequently encountered them feeding cats or birds in the park or chatting leisurely at the neighborhood Macdonald's. This is a Hong Kong sight I found most endearing when my wife and I stayed last year at the Hong Kong University faculty quarters on Sha Wan Drive, not far from Fong So's rented apartment in Sai Ying Poon, where he spotted his subjects. Fong So's paintings have both deepened and enriched this treasured memory, while at the same time imparting, at least to this viewer, a sense of gentle melancholy. These are the Hong Kong people who are being forgotten by the rich and powerful, their world about to be wiped out by the housing developers who are reshaping Hong Kong's new living space. As the old saying goes, the pace of modernity has left them behind, but luckily we have artists like Fong So to keep us from forgetting.

For this exhibition, Fong So has turned his humane attention to the world of children - and the children of the Asian world: Myanmar, Mongolia, Cambodia, Indonesia, as well as Hong Kong and Macau. This enlarged canvas also brings us to a larger world of poverty and suffering - something beyond the imagination of the average Hong Kong youngsters (docile, naive, wearing glasses and masks in a vivid portrait inspired by SARS called "School Closed"). If the eye-glasses of Hong Kong school children signify bad eyesight due to either reading too much homework or watching too much television or playing too many video games - a modern world of "high-tech" civilization - their counterparts in other parts of the Asian world are less fortunate. And we can readily see their deprivations in their eyes: piercingly plaintive or half closed as in the unforgettable "Lunch" showing a group of Mongolian orphans licking their plates clean. Another favorite of mine is "High Summer," in which the children's eyes are narrow and quaint, in interesting contrast to the bewildered stares of another group of Mongolian children in a photograph by Hark Yeung, on which the painting might have been based.

To say that these paintings have left an indelible impression is both a cliche and an understatement. But I find myself running out of words to describe my own feelings after seeing small duplicates of these paintings in advance of the exhibition. I can't wait to meet these children face to face in "the real thing" when the exhibition opens. But the "aura" of Fong So's work, I suspect, will not come from any "eternal" value as befits a classical work of art but rather from a sense of immediacy and closeness. That is to say, real life. He has once again probed the familiar terrain of humanity but unveiled another gallery of "unfamiliar" people. For most of us, they have become objects of an occasional gaze by tourists, if not totally forgotten. But Fong So once again reminds us that they are not so far away, especially when viewed against the darkening cityscape of today's Hong Kong (see "A Towering City") that bespeaks the anxieties hidden in our own "inscape."

Amidst the gathering storms of "globalization," it is in a way comforting to have a deeply "local" artist like Fong So with us. For an outsider like myself, his paintings have given me, strangely enough, a feeling of roots.

For this I am deeply grateful, and I would like to salute Fong So's enduring spirit as both an artist and a human being.

Leo Ou-fan Lee
Professor of Chinese Literature, Harvard University
Y.K. Pao Distinguished Visiting Professor, Hong Kong University of Science and Technology

# aN uNFINISHED jOURNEY

**Hark YEUNG**

My photographs were taken in Europe from 1989 to 1994; Greenland, the Americas and Asian countries from 1994 to 2002. The photographs document ordinary scenes rather than big events. Some of the photographs, taken during a three-month trip to Greenland, will be shown as a contrast to the prints made by Fong So as illustrations for my short novel *Walking on the Melting Ice.*

During the past one and a half decades, about half of my time was spent in other countries. Whenever I was back in Hong Kong, I could not help feeling that the peace and prosperity it enjoyed was surreal. On the day I wrote this article, it was reported that Aung San Suu Kyi, Myanmar's pro-democracy leader, whom I interviewed in 1995, had been taken into custody. Yangon was once one of the top cities in Asia.

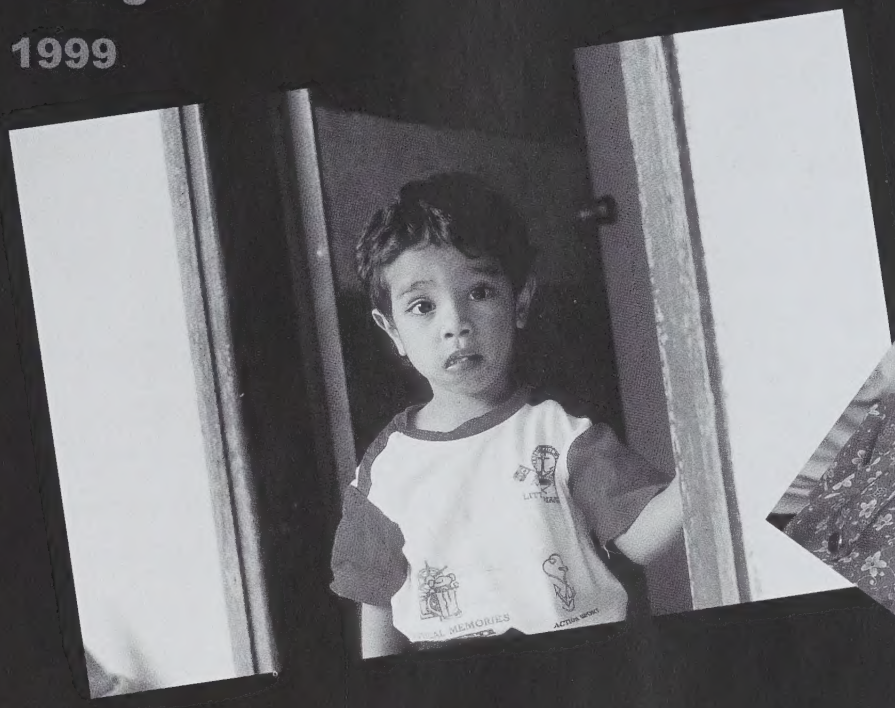
At the time of SARS, Hong Kong lost its legendary momentum and energy. The whole city waited. On 17 and 18 May 2003, the most striking news here was no longer the number of cases of SARS confirmed. It was the 48,000 people queuing outside the Hong Kong Convention and Exhibition Centre. They waited for hours to get into the two-day job fair held by the Hong Kong Jockey Club. Many of the applicants, unemployed because of the dramatic economic downturn brought by SARS, were still wearing masks. For the first time, I suspected that this was the end of the Hong Kong miracle that lasted for nearly half a century. There are few social benefits for the unemployed here. A friend working in a recruitment agency said before the outbreak of SARS that she was psychologically prepared to lose her job at any time because many of her friends, now turning forty, had lost theirs.

Like many of Hong Kong's residents, SARS came from mainland China. In the mid eighties, when I was at university, many of my friends said they wanted to help their motherland. In many cases, it turned out that their motherland helped them. The opening up of China provided not just economic opportunities but chances to realise dreams. In 1993, when I was in London, a successful Chinese architect from Hong Kong said, 'I am going back to Hong Kong. All my friends have gone. In the UK, the economy is so bad that one can work on many projects on paper but not construct any of them. A friend who has gone back tells me that he is now working on a project so big that it is inconceivable in London.'

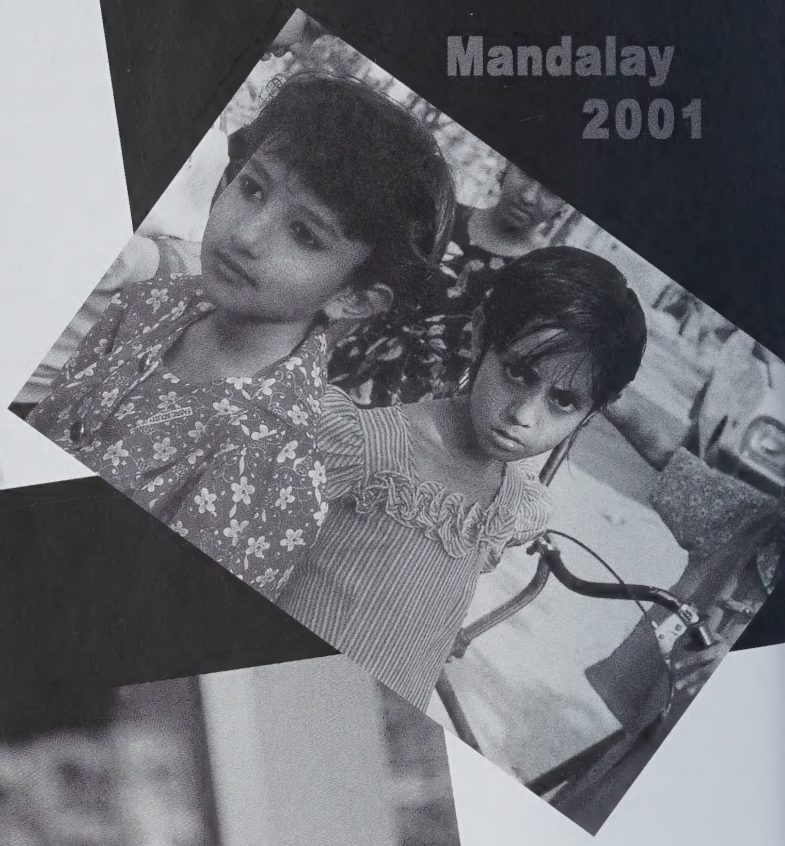
In a way, SARS highlighted the difference between Hong Kong and the mainland. The relative freedom enjoyed here is still remarkable when one considers how SARS was handled on the mainland. I still do not know how much many mainlanders know about SARS. Although those in Guangdong can watch the Hong Kong TV channels, TV is censored by the PRC government and there is always something anomalous in the middle of the Hong Kong TV news bulletin.

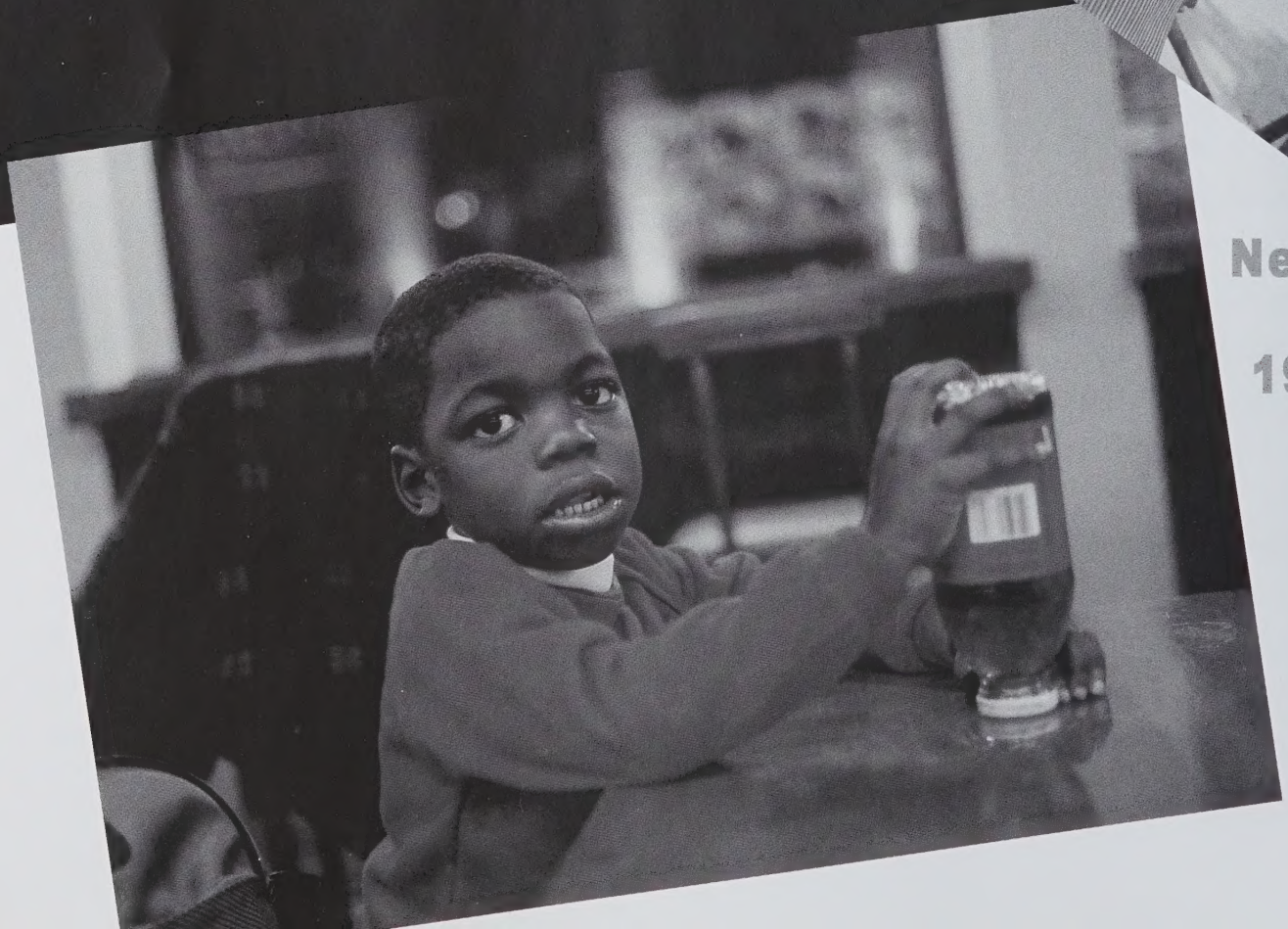
In Macau... I am a refugee from East Timor..... from East .....
refugee

1999



Mandalay
2001



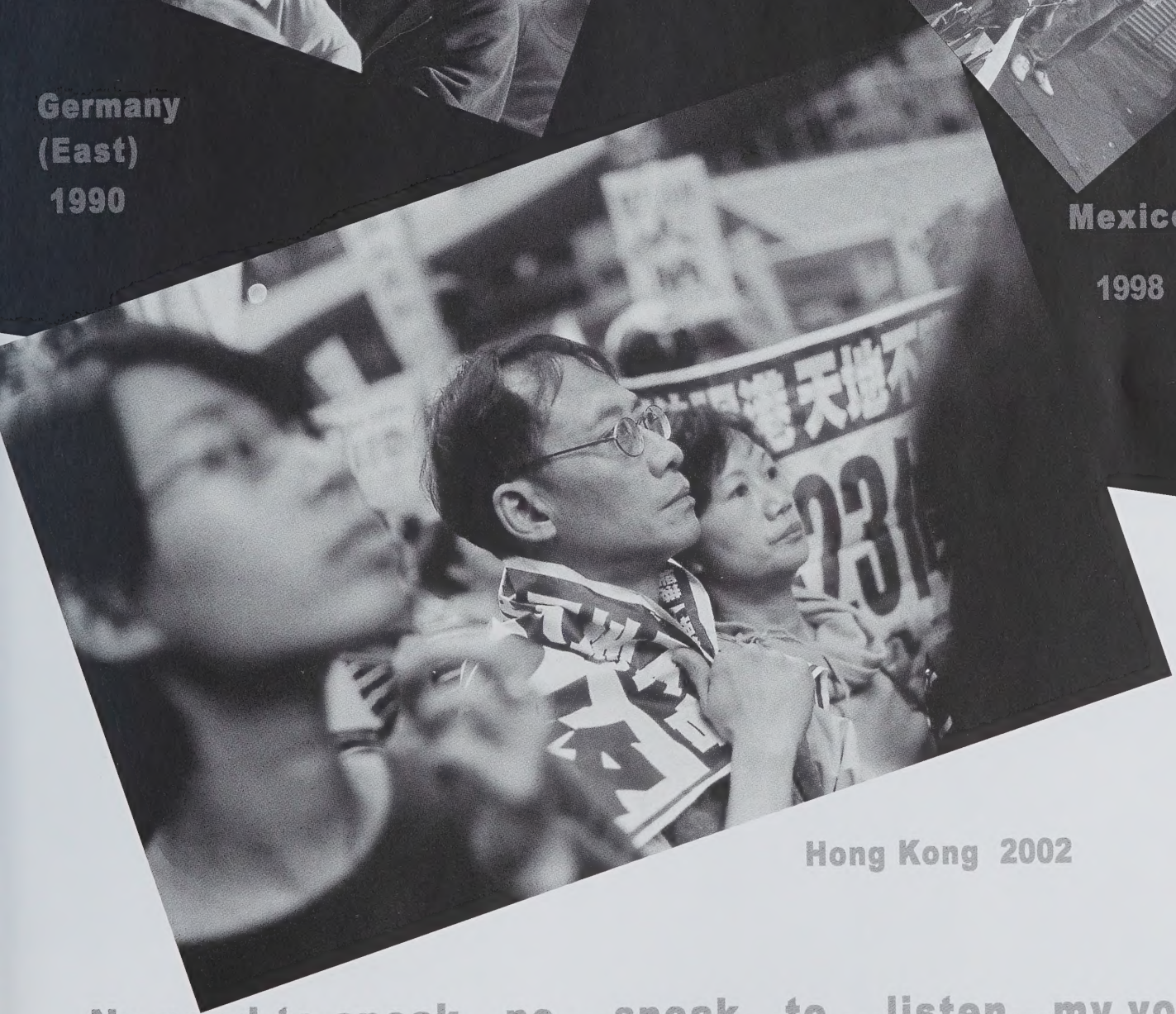


New York

1996

Germany
(East)
1990

Mexico City
1998



Hong Kong 2002

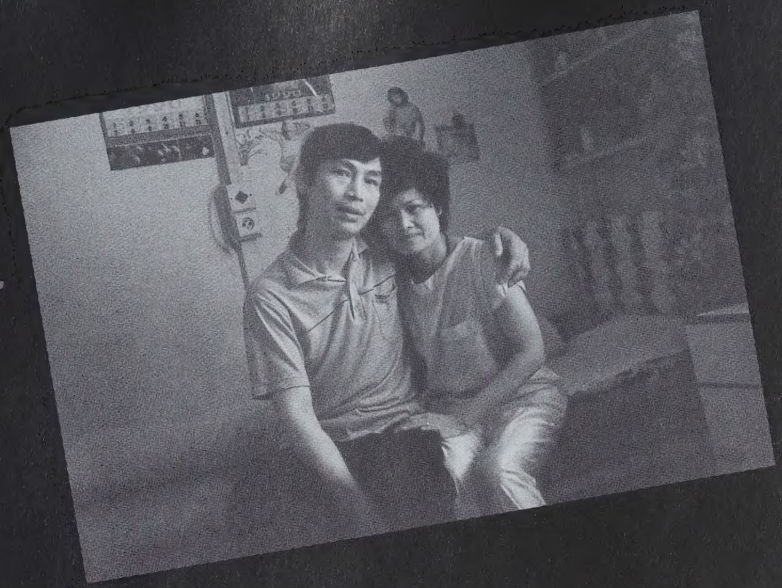
No need to speak...no ...speak...to ...listen...my voice

The mother...motherland...where is my land...the land for the

Hong Kong 2003

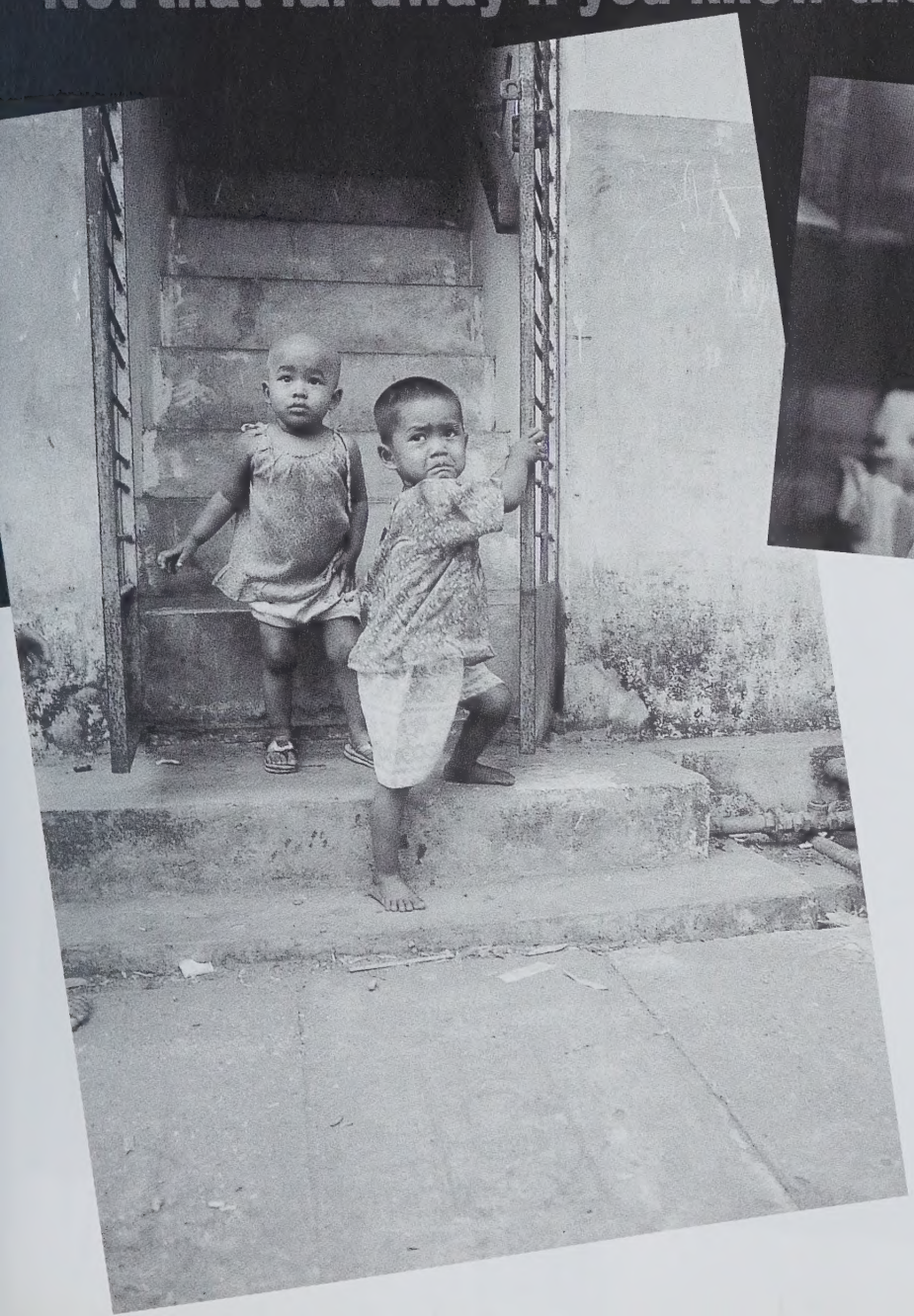
North Korea 2001

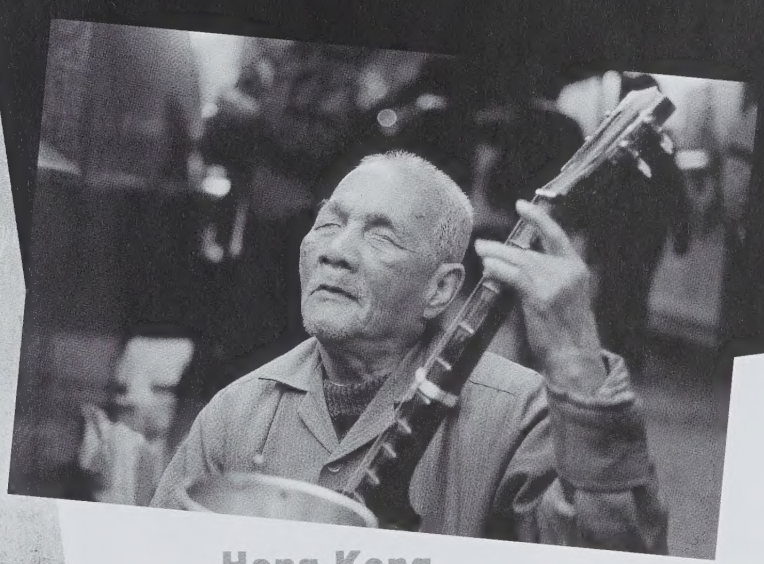
Myanmar 2001



Vietnamese guest workers in the former Czechoslovakia 1991

# Not that far away if you know them, see them, listen



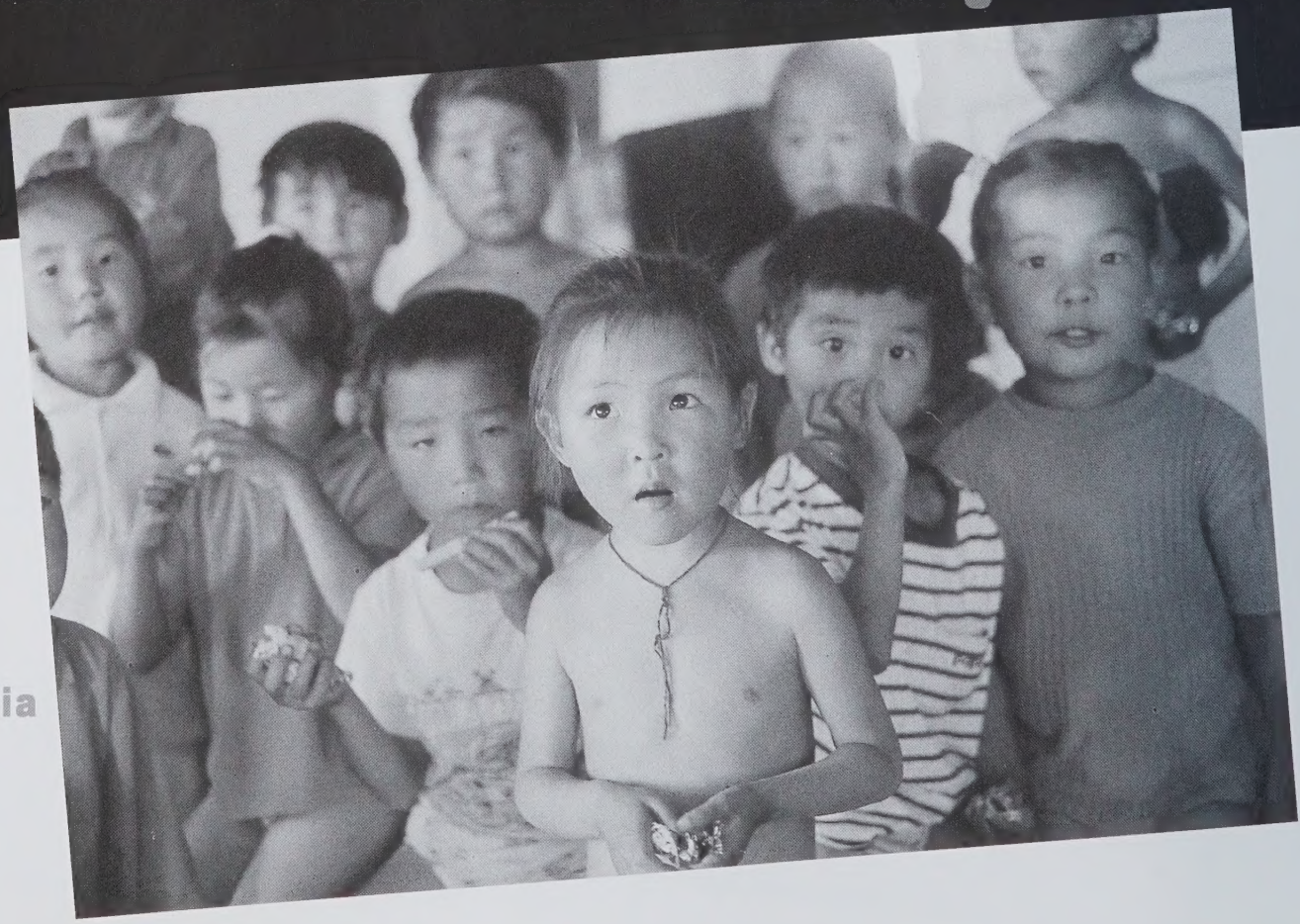


Hong Kong
2002

Myanmar 2001

The former Soviet Union
1989

# Together we are not alone ...alone...together



Mongolia
2001

# WALKING ON THE MELTING ICE

HARK YEUNG

Illustrations by FONG So (linocuts, each 20 x 15.5 cm)

Chapter 1

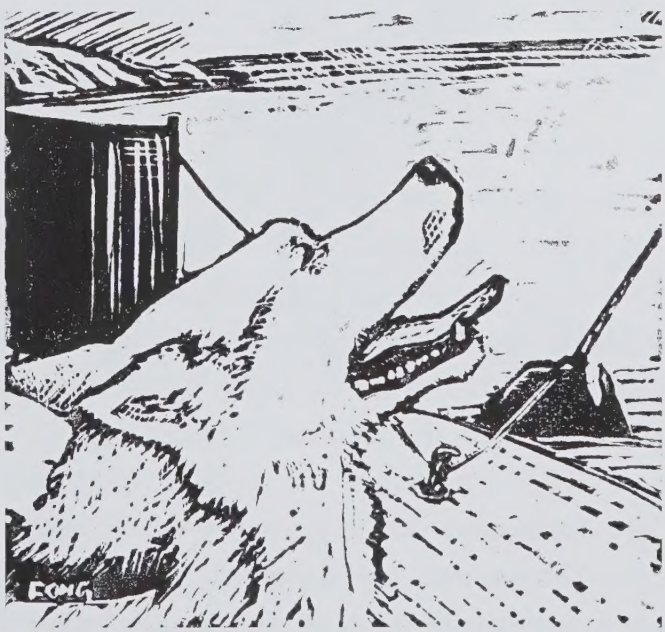
When I woke up, Naja, seven dogs and I were on a piece of broken ice floating on the rough, thick sea. The midnight sun had disappeared. In the north, there was a pale blue light. The edge of the sea ice could not be seen.

Narwhals were talking.

Naja was facing the sea.

'The ice has broken,' she said in a normal voice without turning to me, as if our situation was part of an ordinary hunting trip in the Arctic Sea.

'It's not yet day,' she added before my question came out in words.



I gradually got used to Naja sensing my needs, problems and feelings. Most Greenlanders could do that. Naja was just a bit more sensitive. We met two weeks ago when I was walking in Qaanaaq, the northernmost city in Greenland, looking for a woman hunter who could take me to the place where the meteorites were found. Naja walked to me, stopped and asked, 'are you looking for a hunter?'

She did not introduce herself, but I could tell the woman was Naja, whom other Greenlanders had told me so much about. I could not take my eyes off Naja's back; I was waiting for her to speak again. Hunters did not speak to each other often in the wild, even if they hunted together. Hunting, it seemed, was a hunter's personal dialogue with Nature.

'The storm came when we were dreaming.' Naja's words came again, after a long while, among the voices of the narwhals.

'It was a nightmare,' I said. I was not sure if it came during the night.

The midnight sun had frozen my sense of time so that I could not distinguish between day and night. The sun was part of that nightmare. A seal was sunning itself on the shining silver ice. There was a gunshot. The seal struggled towards the crack on the ice. On its way, it stopped moving. With a knife, I walked towards it. The carcass turned into a human corpse. A scream pierced the vast icy silence.

'What was in your dream?' I asked Naja.

'I talked to Nature.'

'About...'

'We did not talk with words.'

Our piece of ice shook a bit, as if its bottom was melting.

'Will the sea freeze again?'

'Once that happened, when many narwhals were talking. The ice came during the night. In the morning the narwhals were trapped in a bit of water surrounded by the ice.'

'We can wait for the ice.'

'We have to wait for the men. The midnight sun has already come.'

'So the ice won't come?'

'Once that happened. The men will come. We have to wait for the helicopter.'

Naja turned and sat in front of me. The white fur of her polar bear skin breeches rested on the ice. On my lips, some words were hanging but they did not come out. In my mind, my nightmare replayed itself again like an out-of-order videotape. Here, in Greenland, my dreams refused to stay as dreams. They were vivid enough to convince me that I was living in two interlocking realities.

About a month before that, I had watched the slaughtering of a seal, but was not impressed. A ringed seal, twice as big as a human being. The intestines of the seal made me tipsy, but I continued to eat them. 'The intestines are like alcohol,' a Greenlander said. 'We'll soon forget everything and just feel happy.'

Another said, 'this is a male seal. We're thinking of sending its... to China. We always receive letters from China asking for them... Ha ha... They said they would make medicine with them...'

The dogs, their chins flat on the ground, made some sad, low sounds, as if they were recounting the events leading us to this broken piece of ice. On the ice, the frozen Arctic Sea, we were travelling with darkening clouds that gathered around us like a pack of wolves. The footsteps of a storm were audible. Naja told the dogs to go faster with her whip. It was icy cold and I could feel myself getting numb. I wanted to call for help but was too weak to say anything.

Naja stopped. She set up the tent and lit a fire. She knew that I could not go on.

The storm had broken the ice and sent us floating away on this piece. The waves were still beating the edge, threatening to break it again.

The dogs were looking at Naja. Out on the ice, the dogs were calmer. They had stopped producing the low sounds I always heard during my sleepless nights. In the city, they were chained. As they walked, the iron chains rubbed against the hard ice like old, helpless saws working on a never-ending job.

I missed that noise. The narwhals had stopped talking and the silence sat on my mind like a piece of heavy stone. Towards the dogs, I walked, to see if there was fear in their eyes. Big White lifted her head and made some muted calls to the sky. The calls made me laugh. It sounded like a challenge to the overwhelming silence around us.

Naja also laughed. She said, 'I used to have fifteen dogs. During the winter eight died. A severe winter, many dogs in the city died. My grandmother said she had never seen so much snow before. The lover of this Big White also died after a hunting trip. He fought alone with a polar bear. He was one of my younger brother's dogs, a black one. Big White was deeply in love with that black dog. They could see each other far, far away. When they were separated, she always gazed into the distance as if her soul was out of her body. I asked my brother to sell me that black dog. He refused. After the black dog's death, Big White has become thinner and thinner.'

I thought of Dog, one of the largest meteorites ever discovered in Greenland. It was lying, as silently as the dogs in front of me, in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. So deep was its silence that it was not just haunting but also inviting. Naja took out the big piece of ice she had cut from an iceberg on our way, cut out a small piece with a knife, boiled it in a pot on a soapstone lamp, as she did right after she had set the tent up on the sea ice. She always looked thoughtful and locked up in her own world. I wanted to ask her something but could not.

'What can we do now?' I heard myself saying.

Naja turned to the sky and then to the ice.

'Do what we did,' she answered.

I looked at my watch. Once we were on the sea ice, it had stopped. Naja had no watch.

Over us, a black and white little auk flew. 'Abadiasuk,' Naja called the bird softly.

Before this hunting trip, thousands of such birds were swirling around a cliff in a village near Qaanaaq, looking for mates and homes, making sounds like echoes of a far away carnival. In a crack, a pair stayed together and did not move even when I tried to catch them. The Greenlanders caught them with long-handled nets. Holding a bird in his three fingers, an old hunter pressed the bird's heart gently with his thumb until the bird gradually closed its eyes in his big palm.

That old hunter's daughter told me how her father's dogs ran away on a hunting trip with the sledge, leaving him standing on an iceberg with his telescope. 'On foot, he followed the tracks made by his dogs and sledge. On the ice, they were the only marks. He walked and walked until he found his dogs. Many kilometers. That trip cost him two fingers.' The young Greenlanders spoke much more than their parents. With the coming of television to this part of the world, perhaps they had lost the ability to communicate silently.

Over my head, another little auk flew.

'Shoot it,' I heard myself saying.

Naja shook her head but handed me her gun.

A small, thin bird. These birds stayed near water before they flew to the cliffs.

These little auks were delicious. With their feathers, the birds were boiled. Tents were set up at the foot of the cliff. From the cliff, the tents looked like living creatures. Even the hot steam from boiling pots could be seen. I ate ten birds and the Greenlanders laughed. When they were not laughing, they always looked a bit sad. 'The Danes don't like our food,' one of the Greenlanders said. 'There's another way of eating these birds. We put about a hundred of them into the belly of a seal, leave them under some stones, let them ferment with the blubber of the seal until we can smell them. That takes several months but we made some last year. When you come back from your hunting trip, you should try it.' I told them that in China there was a special way of eating birds: wrapped them in soil and baked them until the soil was hard. Then broke the soil. 'But we don't have soil here,' the Greenlander said. 'That's why we can't bury our dead in the ground. We pile up stones around them.'

On our piece of ice, what we could eat, besides chocolates and instant noodles, was a piece of seal meat. We had taken it from a hut built for travelling hunters. A lonely little hut at the foot of a mountain. 'Hunters used to travel from one such little house to another, they didn't have a home.' Naja said when we went into the hut. 'There's always some meat in these houses, left behind by some lucky hunters.'

From the seawater a narwhal jumped up. Naja watched it. Another jumped up. Then came a small one. Naja shot it, harpooned it and drew it to the edge of our floating ice. The blood of the narwhal coloured the seawater. In the red water, the narwhal's ivory tusk, more than a meter long, stood like a messenger from Nature. That was the tool the gentle narwhal used to protect itself in a fight. It was still smiling, the narwhal. The edge of our ice was as red as sunset. But the sun would never set at this time in this part of Greenland.

The dogs followed Naja with their eyes. They were too weak to pull the narwhal up onto the broken ice. 'It's about six hundred kilos,' Naja said. 'Too heavy for seven dogs.' Naja cut some meat from the back of the narwhal and threw it to the dogs. The narwhal, tied to a hook anchored on the ice, rose and fell with the rhythm of the waves. The dogs ate the meat hungrily. Hunters used to feed their dogs after a hunting trip, not before, perhaps to make sure that in case the dogs chose to run away, they would not have energy to go too far.

In front of our tent, Naja was making narwhal soup. Hot steam came up from the pot. Tent was the name of one of the biggest pieces of meteorites ever discovered in Greenland and was still one of the biggest ever discovered in the world. Those meteorites were the Greenlanders' source of iron. The tent was our home on this piece of ice. I knew why that meteorite was called Tent.

Naja stirred the soup, as respectfully as the old hunter handled the little auks. Greenlanders believed that animals gave themselves up to the hunters they had chosen, they could never be 'caught.'

'Ka la lu ye da lu gull. Ka la lu ye da lu gull. Ka la lu ye da lu gull.' Naja shouted and then turned to me, 'repeat that, it means I got a whale. I got a whale. I got a whale. When we get big animals like whales or polar bears, we always say that to Nature.'

That was the first narwhal hunted that year in that part of Greenland.

# tHE yOUNG oNES: aBOUT mY cHILDREN sERIES

(Colour plates 1 to 37)

**FONG So**

This is a series of paintings of children in Hong Kong and in some other Asian cities. I began working on it in early 2001.

Previously, I had done a series of brush-and-ink paintings of city life in Hong Kong, focusing mainly on old people, in particular, those simple old people who had been left behind in the city's haste to modernise.

The present series gives me a chance to explore the diversity and complexity of modern city life in Hong Kong and beyond.

**MYANMAR**

It was early 2001 that I visited Myanmar, formerly Burma, a Southeast Asian country which remained largely isolated from the outside world. My curiosity about Myanmar was partly due to its isolation. But the stories of my late uncle who had lived there for more than thirty years, added to its mystique.

My uncle went to Myanmar before World War II. At that time, Myanmar, like other countries in the region, was considered by many Chinese to be a good place to earn a living or even to make a fortune. In the hope of earning his fortune, my uncle went there to be a dealer in jade, a compact gemstone chiefly found in Myanmar. However, before he could become a successful jade dealer, the war broke out and Myanmar was invaded by Japan. During the war, he worked as a cook in the air base of the Allies commonly known as the Flying Tigers. After the war, Myanmar gained its independence and struggled to form a parliamentary democracy. However, in the early 1960s, a group of army officers turned the country into a socialist republic under army rule. The policy of collectivism was adopted and the government nationalised all businesses and most private property. The Chinese, who were mostly businessmen, lost their wealth and many were forced to leave. My uncle, one of those who left, was declared stateless and made to leave empty-handed after being there much of his adult life. Like many others, my uncle could only go to Macau if he did not want to go back to mainland China. He stayed in Macau for two years before coming to Hong Kong. Ten years later, he emigrated to Canada at the age of seventy.

When my uncle came to Hong Kong, I was in my early teens. He enjoyed telling stories of his adventures to whoever he knew, each time with certain variations and exaggerations. He said he had been to every

part of Myanmar and had stayed for a long time in the northern part where the inhabitants were mostly mountain tribes. People went there mainly because gemstones were found. He talked a lot about the magic qualities of jade, and, in particular, about how the good pieces could bring good fortune and protect their owners. He also said that he had some very good pieces of jade kept in a safe place in Myanmar and they were there waiting for him to go back to get them some day. But he died before the situation in Myanmar allowed him to go back.

During the eighteen years I worked as a journalist, I did not have the chance to visit Myanmar. I was then an editor doing mainly desk work. Reporting was not my speciality. In those years, visiting Myanmar was very difficult. Tourism was restricted and foreign journalists' applications for visas were often rejected. When tourism became less restricted, there was a debate over whether people should visit Myanmar. Some called for a boycott on the grounds that the tourists' money would most likely benefit the repressive government rather than the oppressed people. Others believed that tourism could at least keep Myanmar under international observation. Anyhow, by now I was no longer working as a journalist, so I decided to go and see for myself.

In March 2001, I got a 30-day visa and visited Myanmar for four weeks. It was impossible for me to follow my late uncle's route, because many places he had talked about were still considered sensitive areas and inaccessible to foreigners. Like most tourists, I could only tour the Yangon-Mandalay-Bagan-Inle Lake route. However, for me, making a trip to Myanmar proved to be the right choice to start my new series because there were always children around, no matter where I went. They were there in the markets, in bus and train stations, in temples and monasteries, on the streets of cities and in the alleys of small towns.

When I asked why so many children were hanging around everywhere rather than going to school, people would say that those children had nowhere to go because most schools were closed, as that was what the government often did after the democracy and opposition movement in 1988-89.

A few days after arriving at Yangon (formerly Rangoon), the capital of Myanmar, I was trapped in a traffic jam outside a school early one afternoon. A lot of cars were there waiting for the children to come out after school, blocking the road and stopping the traffic. A new friend I had made recently said it was a school for the children of people in power. All the other schools were closed. He also told me that only fee-paying schools and kindergartens were open, but poor families could not afford to send their children there.

In fact, most of the children I saw there were not just hanging around, doing nothing. Many of them worked as child labourers. Those out on the streets were usually street hawkers and scavengers.

My journey from Yangon to Mandalay, the second largest city of Myanmar, was a trip by train. It took seventeen hours, with many stops in between. Every time the train made a stop, a lot of people selling things like fruit, boiled eggs and other snacks poured on to the train. Many of them were children. Usually, the watermelon they sold was cut into pieces, with flies swarming round them. Later, I travelled with local people by bus, coming across more of these young street hawkers all along the way.

In Mandalay, the city was full of them. They congregated near the markets or anywhere with a garbage dump. Usually they carried a big sack for all the scrap they collected. Some of them, knowing that I was from abroad, smiled and even posed for my camera.

It seemed that many houses in Mandalay did not have tap water. Right in the heart of the city, just next to the railway station, there was a well. People gathered round it, cooking and washing. Usually there were more children than adults, cheerfully cooling themselves with water from the well.

The bus back to Yangon arrived before 7 am. I was still half asleep when the bus reached the terminal. Before it had stopped completely, as many as ten boys emerged and climbed through the windows to collect the empty plastic bottles left there by the passengers. They knew that the passengers were each given a bottle of water for the eighteen-hour journey. So they waited for the bus at the terminal.

Bagan (formerly Pagan) was once a flourishing city, but is now mostly known as an archaeological zone. Thousands of pagodas and temples were built there centuries ago. Most visitors go to Bagan to explore the ancient ruins. Late one afternoon, I went up the Sunset Pagoda for the magnificent view. There, I saw two lovely little girls following and accompanying some tourists along the way. They did not beg, but one of the tourists finally gave a little money to the younger one. After that I realised why there were always children waiting in those almost deserted ruins. They looked innocent, with *Thanaka*, a yellowish paste made from grinding tree bark on stone, on their faces to protect them from the sun. Obviously, they were waiting for small favours from foreign tourists.

One day in Bagan, a young man took me on his bullock cart to visit a small village surrounded by the ancient structures. It was the only village left there as most of the inhabitants had been forced by the government to move away. In that village, though people were making lacquer ware, several households were producing palm sugar. The method they used was very primitive and labour intensive. As the adults were busy all day, many toddlers were taken care of by their elder sisters.

Myanmar is a country of Theravada Buddhism. Red-robed monks and pink-robed nuns can be seen almost everywhere. When I visited the monasteries, the large number of little monks made me feel as if I was visiting a school. In Myanmar, it is customary for every boy to live as a monk, and also for girls in some families to be nuns. The period of being an apprentice monk or nun is usually at least seven weeks. Most families send their little boys and girls to the monasteries where they are taught to recite the scripts and to live on alms.

On my way from Yangon to Mandalay, I saw an old monk and a group of young disciples sitting beside a railroad track. In Mandalay, there were always old monks and nuns accompanied by young disciples begging for alms in the markets.

Back in Yangon, I met a monk while taking the cross-river ferry. The monk, a young man at the age of about twenty, told me that he had never been to school before becoming a monk. 'I received my education in the monastery,' he said, 'including English and mathematics.'

**MONGOLIA**

Not long after visiting Myanmar, I planned a visit to Mongolia, a country formerly part of the Soviet bloc. What made me want to go there was information in a guidebook that, as the result of social upheaval and increasing poverty after the demise of the USSR, there were thousands of homeless street children in Ulaan Baatar, the capital of Mongolia.

I went in August 2001. Because I am from subtropical Hong Kong, I chose to go there in summer, before the weather turns bitterly cold.

People I met in Ulaan Baatar appeared to know about the existence of street children, but they could not tell me where they were. Eventually, 'go to the railway station' was what they told me to do.

So I did. There I saw a Soviet-style building, with a large square in front of it. In the middle of the square, a stone monument was erected. On one side of the monument, a *soyombo*, the national symbol of Mongolia, was painted in yellow. On the other side, there was still a Soviet hammer and sickle, although the country had already renounced communism. Some youngsters were sitting listlessly under the monument, but they did not look like street children.

In front of the main entrance of the railway station, several tourist vans were parked.

'We are waiting for a group of westerners to come from Beijing,' a tourist guide said. 'But the train is late.' Using words from the guidebook, I asked her where I could find the street children. She told me she had heard of a care centre run by a 'Catholic monk' and she would check for me.

The next morning, she called my hotel and gave me a contact number. I called the number and made an appointment to visit the care centre. It was operated by a Catholic organisation. The director, a priest from the Philippines, showed me his centre. Financed by overseas donations, he was able to shelter more than one hundred children. All the children there appeared to be well behaved and in good condition. At lunch time, they all lined up to go to the canteen. They ate quickly and finished off their meal in a very Mongolian manner, licking the plates and bowls clean completely. In Hong Kong, most children of their age never eat properly without the attention of the adults.

With the information given by the priest, I managed to visit two other shelters for homeless children operated by foreign agencies. The stories I heard while visiting those shelters were always of children who had been abandoned by, or who had run away from, their parents. 'Alcoholism and unemployment are serious problems here,' the priest said. He also told me that many of the children he sheltered were found in the 'manholes' of the city's underground sewers and heating pipes. 'It is the only way they can survive,' he said. 'The winter is too cold here - minus thirty degrees Celsius.'

After visiting several shelters, I got the impression that the children living there were in better condition than many others in the city. For example, whenever I walked along Peace Avenue, which runs through the city centre of Ulaan Baatar, I could see young boys and girls squatting by the roadside selling pinecones or seeds. Even in the market, pinecones and seeds were always sold by young boys and girls. Mongolians

appeared to enjoy chewing pine kernels very much. One day I hired a taxi. The driver came with a young woman, his girl friend, he said, sitting in the front seat next to him. He drove fast, chewing pine kernels and talking to her all the way.

On another day, on Peace Avenue, I saw a scene similar to what I had seen in Mandalay several months earlier: several boys, each carrying a big sack, were hunting in the rubbish for saleable things they could sell. When they saw me, they did exactly what the young scavengers in Mandalay had done - unasked, they began posing for my camera.

In the busiest section of Peace Avenue, I found the best place to have a drink and a rest was a beer garden or a roadside cafe. One day when I was there, some little boys and girls came to greet the customers, mostly foreigners, with a smile. Then they held out their hands, turning both palms up, waiting for whatever little favour people would give them. Before seeing that, I was told by a foreigner working in Ulaan Baatar that begging was very 'non-Mongolian'. 'The Mongolians do not beg,' he said. 'They are very proud people.'

At the exit of Grandan Khiid, a showcase Buddhist temple in Ulaan Baatar, an unpaved road led me into a residential area. In the middle of the dust, there was a truck with a large tank. People were queuing, each carrying buckets and containers. Someone told me that it was how water was supplied in that area. I was also told that in Ulaan Baatar, a city with one-third of the country's population, half of the households did not have tap water. 'We came from the steppes where we had to go to the river to get water,' said a young fellow. 'Go to the steppes, and you'll know more about how life is here.'

An economics professor I met in Ulaan Baatar took me to his birth place in eastern Mongolia, to visit his relatives. We took a three-hour domestic flight to Choibalsan, a very run-down city which had been a Soviet military base until 1990. Then we drove for four hours by jeep to the steppes, the wilderness. We spent a week on the steppes, living in traditional *gers*, the Mongolian felt tents, with a nomad family. It was an extended family which consisted of three generations. The family herded sheep, goats, cattle, horses and camels. According to the grandfather, the head of the family, the life of the herders was getting more and more difficult now than in the past. 'Animals are cheap. Imported goods are expensive.' He said the family had less livestock now than a few years ago because of insufficient grassland. When I left, the grandfather said the family had to move their *gers* to another encampment in a day or two.

Back from the steppes, the weather in Ulaan Baatar turned cold suddenly, even though it was still summer. It started to rain. On a chilly day, I visited a soup kitchen operated by a foreign agency. It was a somewhat scary experience: two visitors, my partner Hark Yeung and I, escorted by five workers, were led into a big crowd of miserable people crammed inside a small waiting room. We were allowed to stay there for less than two minutes, but the desperate look on the faces of the people waiting for food was so striking that I could not get it out of my mind.

On the day I left Mongolia, I stopped at a Buddhist monastery before going to the airport. Mongolians took the Buddhism of the Tibetans centuries ago. During the communist era, religious activities were outlawed and Buddhist establishments were closed and ransacked in a bloody purge. Buddhism was revived after 1990. In the monastery, I met a monk who spoke some Chinese and English. He showed me around the monastery he shared with about a hundred monks, the oldest over eighty and the youngest under ten. He told me that the monastery was taking more and more newcomers and that the young monks were taught a wide range of subjects, rather than just Buddhist scripts, as in the past.

**CAMBODIA**

The trips to Myanmar and Mongolia reminded me of what I had seen while visiting other countries in the region. In early 1998, shortly after the outbreak of the Asian Financial Crisis, I visited Thailand, Cambodia and Vietnam. At that time, I was still working as a journalist. Of the three countries I visited, Cambodia struck me the most.

Attracted mainly by Angkor, I travelled to Cambodia via Thailand, flying from Bangkok to Siem Reap, the nearest town to the conservation area. I spent my time there visiting the magnificent temples and monuments.

In Angkor, no matter where I went, I had to go through scores of little street hawkers, who blocked the way while trying to sell all sorts of little things to pilgrims and tourists.

The most disturbing scene I witnessed in Cambodia was on a street corner in Phnom Penh, the capital. I was riding pillion on a motorbike when I saw a man on crutches accompanied by a little boy. As the motorbike did not stop, we left them behind almost immediately, but the impression they made was unforgettable. The man was probably the victim of a mine. When I visited Cambodia, the work of clearing land mines was still in progress. Before I went I had read that, from time to time, people were injured by land mines. When I got there, I came to know that people wounded by land mines had to be sent to hospitals in the city for operations. As it took quite a time to send the wounded victims from the countryside to the city, it was often necessary to amputate more than just the wounded part of the victims' bodies upon their arrival in hospital.

Early one morning in Phnom Penh, while walking out of the hotel, I was greeted by two boys selling newspapers on the street. I glanced at the paper, trying to see what was going on. It was just one year after a coup and the political situation in Cambodia was still quite tense. There were rumours of rebel activities in some areas outside government control. What caught my eye was the front page photograph. It happened to be of a group of soldiers in action.

Another day in Phnom Penh, I visited the killing fields. A hotel receptionist arranged a car for me to go to Choeung Ek, the horrible place where thousands of people had been tortured and brutally executed under the Khmer Rouge rule. At the entrance, the words Genocide Centre were painted in Khmer and in

English. Some boys and girls were nearby, sitting or squatting in the shade. They rose to their feet when they saw people coming. They should have been told that the extermination camp was not a good place to hang around. Perhaps, they waited there because all the foreign visitors went there.

**INDONESIA**

In the past few years, I hesitated about going to Indonesia. What usually appeared in newspapers and on TV was news about riots, lootings, and all sorts of violence. In August 2002, I went anyway, though not without reservations.

After checking in to a mid-range hotel in Jakarta, Hark Yeung called a local friend, an experienced journalist, to ask for advice and assistance. 'It's more dangerous now than it was during the May Riots in 1998,' he said. 'Even local people feel unsafe.' His advice over the telephone was: 'Don't go far until I get there.'

When he came to the hotel, he asked why I did not go to Bali, the tropical paradise for tourists. I told him about the series I was working on and the countries I had visited. He said he could make arrangements for me to visit an institute for children. 'Go to Yogyakarta,' he said. 'Don't spend all your time here.'

After staying in Jakarta for a few days, I went to Yogyakarta (commonly known as Yogya), an artistic and cultural city in central Java. It was an easy-going city in which I could ride a *becak* (trishaw) or an *andong* (horse cart) to see the city in a leisurely way.

One Friday morning, I hired a *becak* and asked the man pedalling it to take me to a mosque to see the Friday prayer. Instead, the man took me to a Chinese temple. There I met a local Chinese man who was in charge. Through his contacts with other local Chinese, he arranged for me to visit a kindergarten, a primary school and a mosque. It was just before noon when I arrived there. A lot of people had come for prayers. Hundreds of schoolchildren were sitting quietly on the floor, supervised by their teachers. There was uproar when the children saw visitors with a camera. They got so excited that, for quite a while, the situation was almost beyond their teachers' control.

While I was enjoying the relaxed atmosphere of Yogya, our journalist friend in Jakarta told us to come back as there was a 'not so nice place' to show me. I went back to Jakarta and found out that we were going to visit a centre for marginalized children. The centre, somewhat like those in Mongolia, was in a slum area. The organiser who ran the centre explained that the term 'marginalized' was used to refer to the children who lived in acute hardship, with their livelihood, education and personal development being neglected. He said most of the children in the centre came from the slum areas of the city, while others came from poor towns and villages. The centre organised study groups and play groups for the children and housed those who were homeless.

'This boy was a street singer before coming to my centre,' said the organiser, pointing to a boy who had just finished his meal. 'A runaway kid,' he added, 'from another town.' Other boys came. One of them

handed the boy a guitar. The boy played a chord; then they all began to sing. In Jakarta, I saw street singers quite often, sometimes in busy roads with heavy traffic. I had the feeling that, given the dangerous traffic, those musicians were risking their lives to make a living.

As the boys in the centre were going to give a performance somewhere in the area, the orgainser said he would show me the place. Since I was with him, I was able to explore the slum. Yes, people there were poor, but they appeared to be quite optimistic. In a very small strip of land next to an open sewer, people were making preparations to celebrate Independence Day. This was where the performance would be staged. Many children were running around. A group of little girls were dancing to the music from a cassette tape. Dozens of onlookers were waiting, mostly young women with babies. 'People here have many children,' said my journalist friend, 'five per woman, or more.'

I left Jakarta on the next day after visiting the slum. I did not go to Bali although most people I met told me that it was a 'must go' paradise, especially for painters.

**HONG KONG and MACAU**

Compared with children in most Asian countries, children in Hong Kong generally live in much better conditions. After decades of economic development, most Hong Kong children do not need to earn their food, clothing and shelter by working as street hawkers, scavengers, or street singers. Yet, when you talk to people about children in Hong Kong, they often raise a number of worrying issues.

For example, there are more and more children from single-parent families. Also, when we talk about the health of the new generation, the worrying issue is no longer malnutrition but the problems of obesity. Another commonly talked-about problem is the bad eyesight of local children, generally believed to be the result of watching too much television or playing too many computer games. According to some studies, more schoolchildren in Hong Kong wear glasses than anywhere in the world.

Of course, apart from issues that affect children, people in Hong Kong have all sorts of pressing problems to worry about. Before 1997, so much had been said about the uncertainty of Hong Kong's future. Now, more than five years have passed since the handover, and there are as many problems as people expected. Over this period, people in Hong Kong, myself included, have witnessed the transfer of sovereignty and all the subsequent changes. Shortly after the handover, Hong Kong was hit by the regional financial crisis. People have had to struggle in the economic downturn. The situation turned worse after the September 11 incident in 2001. Having experienced all these, I felt the need to depict, even in a series about children, my impressions of how people in Hong Kong thought about all those changes and what worried them. Three years ago, I painted my impression of the 1997 handover as a rainy scene. Five years after the handover I began to think about painting another scene to echo the previous one.

Apart from 1997, 1989 was another year of significance for Hong Kong. In that year, motivated by what was happening in mainland China, more than one million people in Hong Kong (about one in every

six) took to the streets. Then, after the crackdown in Beijing, Hong Kong began its candlelight vigil. It has been held each year since, on the anniversary of the crackdown. Each year, the gathering has attracted a large crowd, usually tens of thousands. Many people bring their children. 'A lesson from history.' That is what people would say.

For Macau, a former Portuguese enclave just a one-hour boat trip from Hong Kong, the major year of significance is 1999, the year of its handover to China. I went to Macau several times in 1999, before and also on the day of the handover. Eventually, I picked up an image of a refugee centre while seeing the refugees off. Those refugees were from East Timor. They fled from the violent attacks on civilians launched by the pro-Indonesian militia after the referendum on independence. More than one hundred of them, including many children, were received by the Portuguese government and stayed in Macau for several months. But before the handover of Macau, they were all sent away, some to Portugal, and the rest back to East Timor.

Another image from Macau was picked up in Iao Hon, a district near the border. It was the only place in Macau that I saw so many women carrying babies in the traditional way: with the baby fastened to the mother's back. A similar but modified method, with the baby fastened in front, was also widely used. A long long time ago, when I was a baby, my grandmother spent more of her time taking care of me than she had done for any other child. My grandmother, who had became a widow when my father was just five years old, was a very stern and tough old lady and was feared and respected by everyone in the family. She used to fasten me to her back. It is hard to believe that fifty years later, I can still see women carrying babies in the way my grandmother used to carry me.

**CHILDHOOD MEMORY**

Working on a series about children, I find my thoughts often drawn back to my own childhood.

I have two brothers, an elder one and a younger one. We were all born in Guangzhou but we were together only during our childhood. In 1962, my elder brother and I left Guangzhou for Hong Kong to join our mother. My younger brother, then only eight years old, remained in Guangzhou with our father.

One year after moving to Hong Kong, my elder brother left school and became an apprentice in a machine-repairing shop. For five or six years, he lived with some other boys in the shop and we only saw each other twice a month. After completing secondary school, I went to university and lived most of the time in mini halls or student hostels. Two years after my graduation, my elder brother married an overseas Chinese woman and emigrated to the United States of America. His wife was born in Myanmar.

My younger brother lived through the turbulent years of the Cultural Revolution on the mainland. He left Guangzhou in 1990 when he was well over thirty. He had been a very communicative and carefree boy when he was young. He stopped over in Hong Kong and stayed with me for a week after leaving Guangzhou for the United States. But this time, I found him extraordinarily quiet and looking perplexed.

When we were young, life in Guangzhou was quite difficult. Food and other daily necessities were mostly rationed. A pair of shoes for a child was considered a luxury. So we went barefoot most of the time, except in winter. In recent years, while visiting less developed Asian countries, Myanmar in particular, I was struck by the number of children running around barefoot. Seeing them reminded me of my own childhood.

I have a small photograph, a 35 mm contact print, of me and my two brothers taken when we were young. The photograph was taken in a winter day, and all three brothers had shoes on. When I painted my childhood memory, I changed it from winter to summer. Some of the older members of my family told me that my elder brother, a surprisingly naughty boy, would often act like an adult when he was young. My younger brother, a close follower of the eldest one, was the most cheerful and easy-going child. And I, a relatively quiet boy, who did not usually follow the example of other children or the advice of the adults, was the most disagreeable and recalcitrant of the three.

## hONG kONG 2003

(Colour plates 38 to 48)

**FONG So**

For all those who have lived through the terrible months of the SARS outbreak in Hong Kong, there is almost no need for me to write anything about my series of paintings of Hong Kong 2003. The images speak for themselves.

When Hong Kong was hit by the epidemic, I had the feeling that the whole city was stifling under an airless shroud. Now the situation is getting better, but the memories of the outbreak and people's sufferings brought about by it are still fresh.

In this catalogue, the images of eleven paintings are included in the Hong Kong 2003 series. Most of them are what I saw and how I felt at the time of SARS. The last piece, a bunch of flowers, is dedicated to the medical workers who did the most and sacrificed the most while fighting against the deadly disease.

All the paintings shown in this catalogue are ink and colour on paper. Dimensions are given height before width.

**1. The Scrap Collectors** (Mandalay, Myanmar)

**拾荒** (緬甸 曼德勒)

138 x 83 cm (54.5 x 32.5 in.)

2001

**2. The Street Hawkers** (near Inle Lake, Myanmar)
小販 (緬甸 因來湖附近)
154 x 83 cm (60.5 x 32.5 in.)
2001

**. Fastened Up** (Inle Lake, Myanmar)
綑 （緬甸 因來湖）
154 x 83 cm (60.5 x 32.5 in.)
2001

**4. The Pet-keeper** (Bagan, Myanmar)
寵 （緬甸 蒲甘）
154 x 83 cm (60.5 x 32.5 in.)
2001

**5. The Well** (Mandalay, Myanmar)
井 (緬甸 曼德勒)
174 x 94 cm (68.5 x 37 in.)
2002

**6. A Modest Expectation** (Yangon, Myanmar)
所求不多 (緬甸 仰光)
76 x 84 cm (30 x 33 in.)
2003

**7. Sunset** (Bagan, Myanmar)
日落 (緬甸 蒲甘)
154 x 83 cm (60.5 x 32.5 in.)
2001

**8. Waiting** (Bagan, Myanmar)
等待 (緬甸 蒲甘)
154 x 83 cm (60.5 x 32.5 in.)
2002

. **A Caring Sister** (Bagan, Myanmar)
姊弟 （緬甸 蒲甘）
136 x 72.5 cm (53.5 x 28.5 in.)
2001

**10. The Believers** (Bagan, Myanmar)
善信 （緬甸 蒲甘）
174 x 86 cm (68.5 x 34 in.)
2002

**11. The Bowl and the Rob** (Mandalay, Myanmar)

**衣缽** (緬甸 曼德勒)

154 x 83 cm (60.5 x 32.5 in.)

2001

**. The Disciples** (near Mandalay, Myanmar)
**門徒** (緬甸 曼德勒附近)
124.5 x 216 cm (49 x 85 in.)
2001

**13. A Long Day** (Ulaan Baatar, Mongolia)
**長日悠悠** (蒙古 烏蘭巴托)
154 x 83 cm (60.5 x 32.5 in.)
2002

**. Lunch** (Ulaan Baatar, Mongolia)

午膳 (蒙古 烏蘭巴托)

A set of two, each 158 x 105 cm (62 x 41.5 in.)

2002

**15. High Summer** (Ulaan Baatar, Mongolia)
**盛夏** (蒙古 烏蘭巴托)
124.5 x 204.5 cm (49 x 80.5 in.)
2001

**16. The Past and the Present** (Ulaan Baatar, Mongolia)
今昔 (蒙古 烏蘭巴托)
154 x 83 cm (60.5 x 32.5 in.)
2002

**17. The Partners I** (Ulaan Baatar, Mongolia)
夥伴 之一 (蒙古 烏蘭巴托)
154 x 83 cm (60.5 x 32.5 in.)
2001

**18. The Partners II** (Ulaan Baatar, Mongolia)
夥伴 之二 (蒙古 烏蘭巴托)
154 x 83 cm (60.5 x 32.5 in.)
2001

**. The Roadside Cafe** (Ulaan Baatar, Mongolia)
咖啡座外 （蒙古 烏蘭巴托)
128 x 83 cm (50.5 x 32.5 in.)
2001

**20. Water** (Ulaan Baatar, Mongolia)
水 （蒙古 烏蘭巴托)
154 x 83 cm (60.5 x 32.5 in.)
2001

**21. The Soup Kitchen** (Ulaan Baatar, Mongolia)

**善堂** （蒙古 烏蘭巴托）

124 x 192 cm (49 x 75.5 in.)

2002

**22. The Newcomers** (Ulaan Baatar, Mongolia)
新丁 （蒙古 烏蘭巴托）
154 x 83 cm (60.5 x 32.5 in.)
2001

**23. The Face Tower** (Angkor, Cambodia)
**石像** (柬埔寨 吳哥)
175 x 97 cm (69 x 36 in.)
2002

**24. The Wound** (Phnom Penh, Cambodia)

**創傷** (柬埔寨 金邊)

180 x 97 cm (71 x 38 in.)

2001

**25. The Latest News** (Phnom Penh, Cambodia)

**新聞** (柬埔寨 金邊)

94 x 147 cm (37 x 57.5 in.)

2002

**The Extermination Centre** (Choeung Ek, Cambodia)
**殺戮場** (柬埔寨 金邊市郊)
126 x 192 cm (49.5 x 75.5 in.)
2002

**27. The Mentor** (Yogyakarta, Indonesia)

**導師** (印度尼西亞 日惹)

105 x156 cm (41.5 x 61.5 in.)

2002

**28. The Meal** (Jakarta, Indonesia)

**吃** (印度尼西亞 雅加達)

124.5 x 123 cm (49 x 48.5 in.)

2002

**29. The Street Singers** (Jakarta, Indonesia)

**賣唱** (印度尼西亞 雅加達)

163 x 97 cm (64 x 38 in.)

2002

**. A Chat** (Jakarta, Indonesia)
閑聊 (印度尼西亞 雅加達)
179 x 97 cm (70.5 x 38 in.)
2002

**31. A Mother of Five** (Jakarta, Indonesia)
五個孩子 (印度尼西亞 雅加達)
180 x 97 cm (71 x 38 in.)
2002

**32. The Refugees** (Macau)

**難民** (澳門)

154 x 83 cm (60.5 x 32.5 in.)

2001

**33. The Burden** (Macau)

**負** (澳門)

97 x 137 cm (38 x 54 in.)

2001

**34. The Classmates** (Hong Kong)
**同學** （香港）
154 x 97 cm (60.5 x 38 in.)
2002

**35. The Candlelight** (Hong Kong)
**燭光** （香港）
154 x 83cm (60.5 x 32.5in.)
2001

**6. Five Years After** (Hong Kong)

**五年後** (香港)

In two panels, each 179 x 97 cm (70.5 x 38 in.)

2003

**37. My Childhood** (Guangzhou, China)
**我的童年** (中國 廣州)
159 x 95 cm (62.5 x 37 in.)
2001

**38. The Voice to be Silenced**

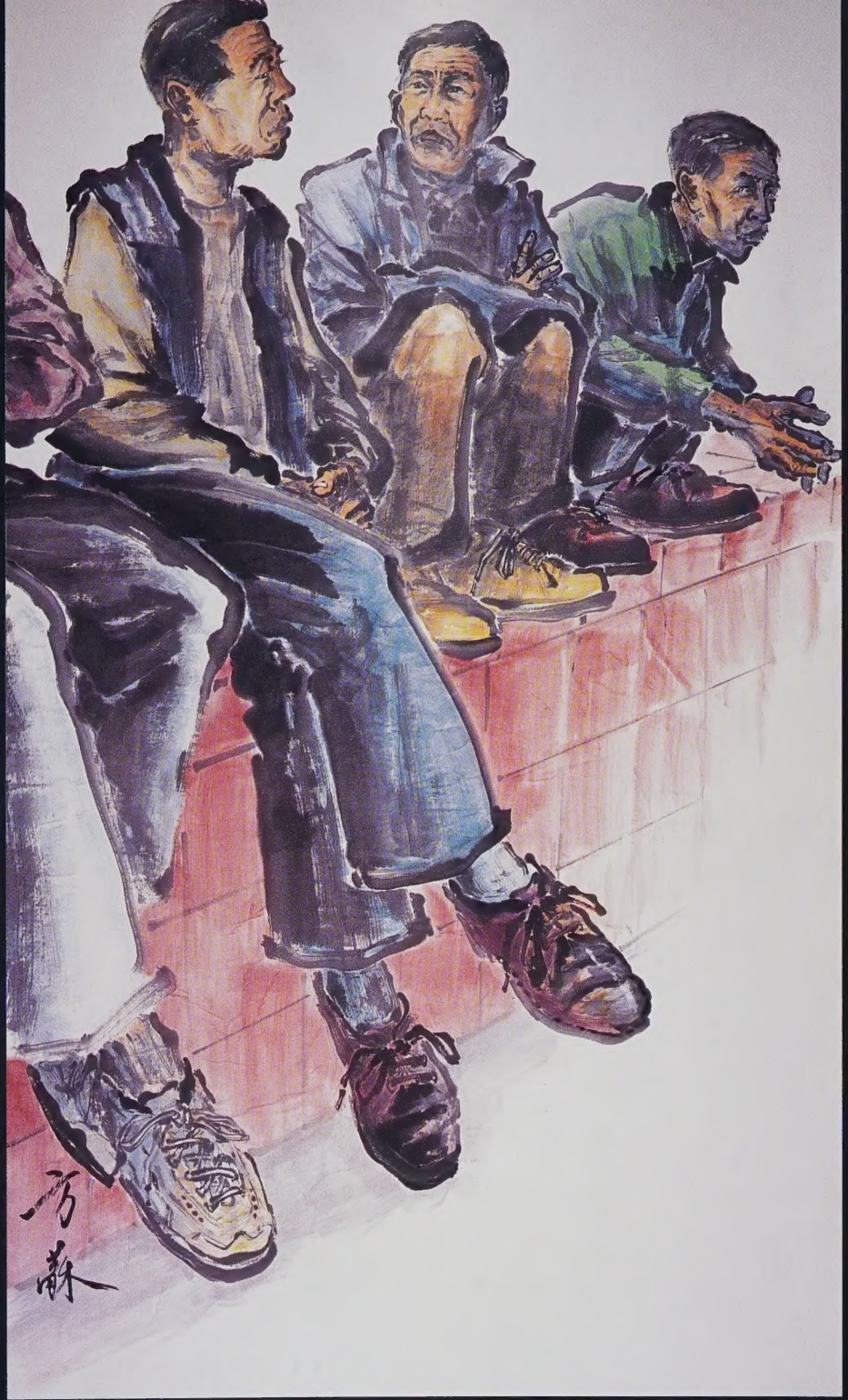
予欲無言

124 x 125 cm (48.5 x 49 in.)

2003

**39. The Roadside Observer**
閱盡滄桑
123 x 68.5 cm (48.5 x 27 in.)
2003

**40. The Redundant Workers**
剩餘勞力
94 x 68.5 cm (37.5 x 27 in.)
2003



**41. Waiting for Jobs**

待業

166 x 97 cm (65.5 x 38 in. )

2003

**42. The Shock**

震驚

107 x 97 cm (42 x 38 in.)

2003

3. Begging for Blessing
祈福
152 x 85 cm (60 x 33.5 in.)
2003

44. A Way of Precaution
防患
116 x 86 cm (45.5 x 34 in.)
2003

**45. School Closed**

停課

153 x 97 cm (60 x 38 in.)

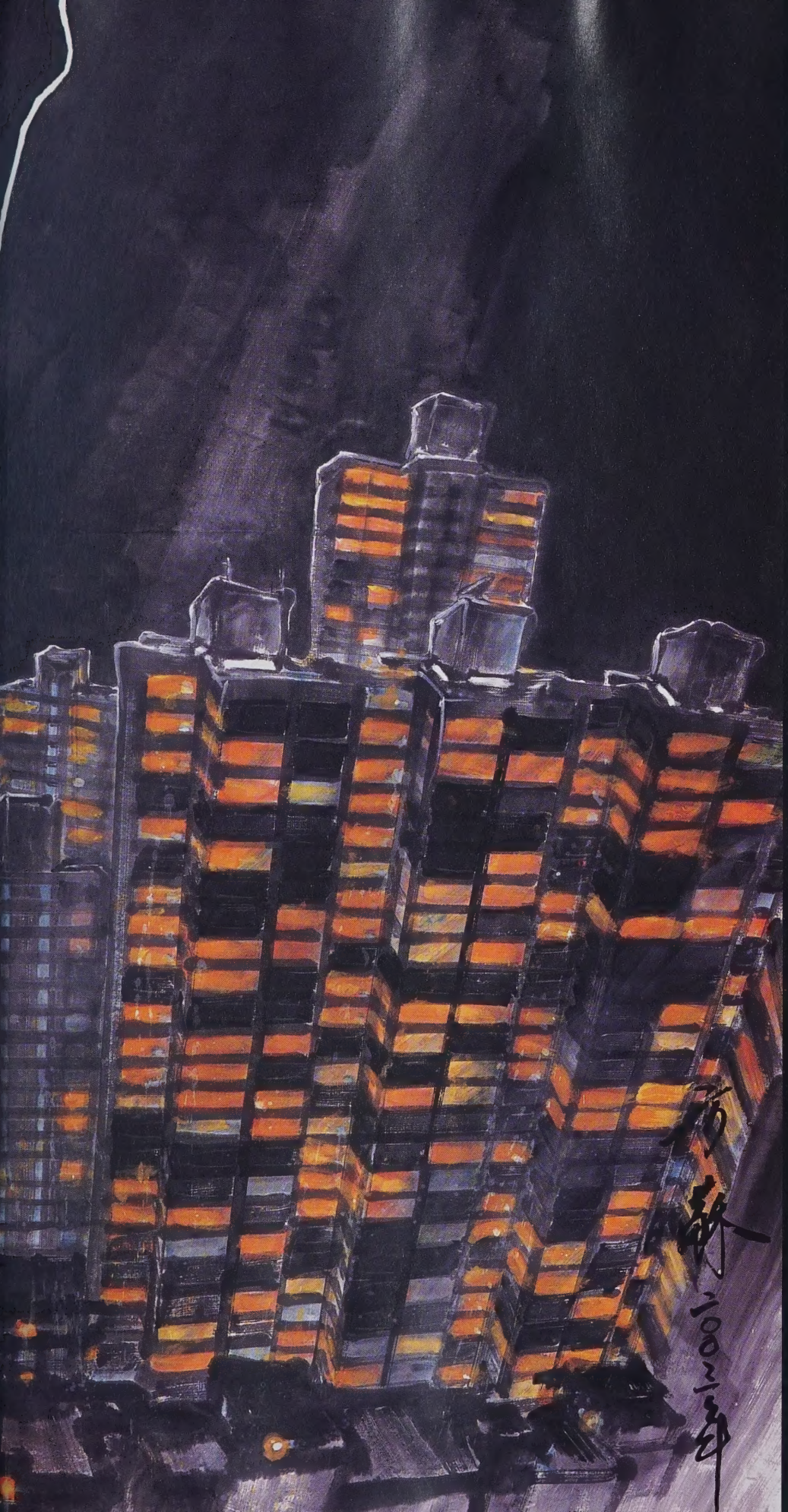
2003

**46. The Crisis**

危機

179 x 97 cm (70.5 x 38 in.)

2003



**47**
**A Towering City**
**堅城**
In two panels,
each 152 x 84 cm
(60 x 33 in.)
2003

**48. A Tribute to the Medical Workers**

向醫護人員致敬

113 x 69 cm (44.5 x 27 in.)

2003

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